There was a task for me, and I arose To meet it, for it stood before me clear; In the night watches I had heard it close Beside the pillow, whispering in my ear. But in the morning other whispers came, Blowing this way and that, until I grew Full of all doubt, and nothing seemed the

same;
So I lost sight of that I had to do; Light reasonings decoyed me, one by one, And then the sun set, with my task not done

Then did I know how I had lived in vain, And clearly see my steps had turned astray;

For there be paths that in the dark lie plain, Yet grow invisible when shines the day. -Owen Wister, in Lippincott.

An Old School Diplomat.

BY AGNES GIFFORD.

Mrs. Fredericks held a letter in her hand. She had been reading it-without glasses. Would she ever have any of the infirmities of age! Her puffs and curls of snowy hair under the ornamental "coiffure" of lace and ribbons, her goldheaded cane by her arm chair, seemed simply to be the effective properties of a well-mounted play.
"In short, Lena, I have resolved to

marry you to this young man-if he suits me.

Firm, calm, crisp words, spoken in a of itself."

· Grandmamma-" "Don't interrupt, child! I know everything you could possibly have to say. I have not lived in the world seventy years for nothing! Yes! Yes, I know. You have never seen this young man; you don't know whether you can love don't know him now you will know him to-morrow, when he arrives. If you don't love him now you will love him-well, lieve in young people marrying when they are young. Henri Bowen is three-and-twenty. You are nineteen. Very suitable. Very suitable indeed. Put on your blue gown and look your best. As for young Bowen's uncle, Captain Charter, you need not feel intimidated because of his coming. He is a grave and silent man; he does not occupy himself with young girls. He rests on his laurels now. He was a favorite with middle age he drops those things. No; he will probably not notice you one way or the other. Young Bowen and yourself can come to an understanding unmolested by his presence. The Captain and I will entertain each other. shall have many things to talk of. I knew his father well; well-now go,

I am tired, I have chattered too much.' Mrs. Fredericks turned her cheek, cool stead. Why was that?" and smooth as an old ivory, to the touch of Lena's fresh lips. . "Good night, grandmamma."

A radiant sunset after a cloudy, sultry day, a fresh breeze springing up from off the sea, a large, old, shaded house reached at last after a long drive and a no right-no, no right-to marry me day of dusty railroad travel-these were against my will." grateful things. But still more grateful, thought Captain Robert Charter and his nephew, the picture that confronted of rebellion. them in the wide, cool, old drawingroom, with its windows open to the summer evening, when, the stains of the Are you not very fond of this charming a halo about her face, stood Lena, like a Madonna.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said Mrs. Fredricks.

Young Bowen had preceded his uncle—a boyish, muscularly knit young Hercules, fresh of color, confident of

"I knew your mother well," said the old lady. "And you, Captain Bob?" . Gently her fine, pale, still pretty hand rested in that of the tall, dark man. He bent over it, and softly, deferentially brushed it with the long, black mustache, whose military sweep seemed to harmonize with the bronzed hue of his serious face. "Well! well!" murmured the old

lady. "Just like your father, Captain Rob. He, too, had the manners of the old school. What does the rising generation of to-day know of the correct way in which a gentleman should pre-sent himself before a lady? Particularly an old woman like me? No offense, young man," turning to young Bowen.
"Doubtless if you were to kiss any one's hand you would prefer to kiss that of my granddaughter her. Don't mind my chatter. What else can an old woman do but talk of the past and its customs?"

disappearing under a pink cloud of and would not do that, etc., etc., and blushes, received upon her timidly- now you talk of leaving me! What does ing to its vaporlessness, the temperature extended fingers the salutation thus au- it all mean? That is what I would like thorized by the terrible old lady.

"Dinner is served," then said the latter. "Give me your arm, Captain. Our young people can follow.'

tair Charter were as old as she is, thought Lena, on Henri Bowen's arm, "and I am sure he is not old at all. I don't believe he has one gray hair in his

Henri Bowen's first remark she did not hear and she had to ask him to repeat it. "Mrs. Fredericks, your granddaughter is charming," said the Captain, after for what I am about to confess."

dinner. The two younger people had gone out

into the grounds. "Captain Charter, I formed my granddaughter myself," retorted Mrs. Fred-

ericks, dryly.
The Captain laughed.

"You are right. That is reason enough. You have made her a charm- rug at his feet. ing girl; you will make her a charming woman. For some man she will make an adorable wife and, in her later years, she will be what you are now.'

"No, not quite," said the old lady. serenely. "Lena is a woman made for her, poor boy! and-and so you see that love. I was a woman made for rule, for I must go away." command. I am a tyrant. Oh, I know it, and I choose to be. I have yet to distinctly, "nothing of the sort." find any one who can manage my affairs (and even those of a few others) as satisfactorily as myself. But Lena is different. She is a very tender blossom. She will never care to be a tyrant. She will lady's little, shriveled, imperious hand live for her husband-for his love. She will only develop into all nature intended her for under those conditions. Therefore is it very necessary to find an exceptional oak for my exceptional vine. Dropping all metaphor, the husband who

Captain's face, "I may capture him for

the two young people pacing slowly up and down in the moonlight. "I wonder what he is talking to her about," thought the Captain. "His col-

the Captain, with some emotion.

ege races, probably." Lena's grandmother, in her turn, vatched her companion's unconscious face a moment. "Well, well," she said, "we shall

"But, Captain Charter, I don't know why-"

sec!"

"You don't know why I should complain?" said the Captain, gently. It was many evenings since the evening of his arrival, and it was he now who was pacing in the dusk by Lena's side. Conscience stricken, he told himself that he had no right thus to monopolize that place. Where was Henri, his nephew?

"Ah, well," he resumed, "you cannot say that you always treat my nephew kindly-as kindly as he would wish." He was trying to smile, but his heart was heavy. It seemed always to be so now. Lena, with downcast eyes, made no

"Perhays you will say," continued the voice correspondingly clear and mistress Captain, still with his forced lightness, that you have not known him long enough to-to learn to think of him as he

would wish. But-" Do you think one must know-a person a long time to-care in that way?" asked Lena, casting rapidly a sly glance upon him.

"No!-I-I think a day-an hour-is him,' etc. All that is nonsense! If you often enough-often too much, if it is to make the unhappiness of a whole life-" The poor Captain paused. What, what had he been saying? Desperately he perhaps not to-morrow; but next day. strove to gather himself together. The I have shown you his picture. He is odor of roses and new morre have to get the color of roses and new morre have the color of th handsome; he is of suitable age. I be- the air, and the rustle of Lena's white dress upon the gravel of the park made his pulses beat. Wildly he threw himself back into the way of duty. "But that must not be with poor Henri, I hope. If you could learn to care even a little for him, the rest might come in

time." Helplessly he floundered on. Lena, who a moment before had flushed like a rose, had now turned pale as a ghost under cover of the gloaming. When, the many women; but when a man enters next time, they reached the end of the walk, she left her companion and entered the house.

Her grandmother was sitting in the great arm-chair, under a shaded lamp, reading Herbert Spencer.

"Where have you come from?" she said. "But I know. I should do better to ask where young Mr. Bowen is. You have been walking with the uncle in-

The old lady's tone had never been more autocratic, her eyes had never had a more arbitrary and sarcastic gleam. Lena began to tremble. Her tense nerves gave

"Grandmamma," she cried, "you have

Her blue eyes were flashing like diamonds behind the sudden blinding tears

"Tut, tut. What's this? Who, pray is trying to marry you against your will? people. It is very sensible to make their done there would be far less matrimonial

"You speak of Captain Charter asgetting all things in her hot indignation. "He is only thirty-six."

"Well, that is old for a girl of your years," retorted the old lady, with unruffled equanimity. "Come, kiss me, and retire for the night. You cannot present yourself before the gentlemen with hat tear-stained face."

When Lens had left the room, Mrs. Fredricks glanced at the closed door discredited by Dr. Murray, the natwith a very curious smile upon her lips. uralist of the celebrated Chellenger expe-She was about to resume "Principles of dition. Sociology" when the Captain came in. He looked worn, haggard and pale. in Nature, recently related the results of After a few words of preliminary conver- his observations in the Sahara during sation he observed that he might find 1889, among which was the discovery himself obliged to return to town within that the sands of the desertare the proa day or two.

"Provided," cried Mrs. Frederick, "that you are permitted, and I don't at all know that I shall permit you! I believe Lena in a very bad state of agitation, setting herself up against me, the little The Madonna, her delicate oval face rebel! and saying she would not do this to know."

The Captain, who had been looking at the floor, with his arms upon his knees, in an attitude of corporal recklessness "Grandmamma talks as though Cap- and mental dejection very unlike his Desert of Gobi. usual grave, strong, soldierly bearing,

glanced up at this. "I can explain that which may seem strange in my own conduct, Mrs. Fredericks," he said, with an effort. "And, perhaps, though I had first thought to keep silent, it would be best for me thus to Tougourt (at present a week's journey to do. I an afraid you will despise me

"Oh, I don't imagine that I shall." cried Mrs. Fredericks, lightly. "Come! to the point! I think I shall be able to hear your confession without too great a shock.

"I love your granddaughter," ejaculated the Captain abruptly, and his eyes still continued to study the pattern of the

"Well?" "Well, I know that you have other designs for her, I know that Henri loves her-no, not as well as I do; that would

As the Captain finally looked at her in wordless surprise, she continued:

"Come here to me, young man." approached the great armchair. The old went up to his coat sleeve.

"Bend down! Nearer! Nearer!" And the Captain was aware of having suddenly received a kiss, which was like a benediction on the roots of his hair. "You will remain here and you will

is to be worthy of Lena must not be the be my grandson-in-law," cried the old long and to contain several mineral first chance suitor. If your nephew lady. "Yes, yes! Why do you look at springs.

pleases me," concluded the old lady, me so? I speak the truth. You will fastening her bright, piercing eyes with certainly marry Lena. Why, silly warmasterful and humorous challenge on the lior that you are don't you know that she has not thought of any one but you since she first saw you? Young Bowen, indeed! Saving the politeness I would "Henri is an excellent fellow," said show your nephew, he has been nothing more to her than a handsome barber's He glanced through the window at block, and that was just what I had intended. I knew what you were. Was not your father, too, one of my dearest friends! Oh, well, well! I knew that no one would make Lena as happy as you. I wished when my end came to leave her in your hands. What was it to me that you were thirty-six and the child nineteen? I knew well enough that those differences are nothing when they are on the right side. But I wanted Lena to be equally convinced to judge of you in comparison with the-excuse me for so speaking of your nephew—whipper-snappers of the day. For that reason I invited you both here together that she might see. But had I intimated to her that I wished her to marry you, the chances are-such, my dear Captain Rob, is the feminine heart-that she would have found some charm in the younger man-the boy who can only talk of his ball matches and his college races. Lena is not perverse. But she's a woman! As it is, all has turned out for the best and according to my most ardent desire. If you are not persuaded, wait and see." She rang a bell at her elbow. "Tell Miss Fredericks I wish to see her," she said to the servant answering the summons.

In a moment Lena, pale still, and with traces of tears recently shed still on her cheeks, came slowly into the room. She hesitated on the threshold.

Captain Charter had sprung to his

Mrs. Fredericks opened her lips to speak. Then she paused, looking from one to the other. Suddenly.

"Captain, you can explain all this far better than I can. Children, go out into the grounds together!"

It is to be inferred that the Captain's explanation was satisfactory, for Miss Lena Fredericks has been Mrs. Charter a

"In this world," says Mrs. Fredericks, who still reads Herbert Spencer without glasses, "nothing is so necessary as a little diplomacy. Nothing gives such good results."-New York Mercury.

A Chinese Pirate Story.

A short time ago a Chinese junk was boarded by eight pirates near Newchang, says the Shanghai Mercury, and the crew of the junk came frankly forward and told the robbers that there was nothing of any value on board, as the vessel was in ballast. The pirates, being good humored fellows, laughed at the fool's errand they had come on, and asked the boatmen could they have a meal at least after their trouble. The beatmen, apparently delighted to get off so easily, replied in the affirmative, and ancovered the hatches leading to the hold, whither they told the pirates to descend before them while the chow was in course of preparation. The pirates, never dreaming of any trick from the harmless looking old boatmen, did as they were fold, but they were no sooner below than the boatmen fasterred down the hatches again and caught them fairly in a trap. Not content with having captured the pirates, or else feating to trust such curtomers, the boatmen straightway flooded journey removed, they descended the young fellow who is so madly in love the hold with the intention of drowning winding oaken stair in the centre of the with you? If you are not, I marvel at the pirates like rats. In their alarm the house and were greeted by their hostess. your lack of taste. All this is childish-Upright, near her grandmother's chair, ness. I know better than you. Old in her blue dress, with her fair hair in people always know better than young was quiet in the hold, and the boatmen coxcluded from the silence that all was marriages for them. If it were always over. So they ran their junk inshore and communicated with the authorities. blundering. Ask Captain Charter if I A perty of troops came on board, and am not right." five of the eight pirates dead and the though he were old!" cried the girl, for- other three in a dying condition. The survivors were handed over to justice and suffered the penalty of the law. The boatmen were suitably rewarded for

their bravery and presence of mind. Origin of the Saliaru.

The view long entertained: by a great majority of geologists that the great Sahara Desert is an old sea bottom has been

This well-known scientist; as reported duct of disintegration of the rocks en-

girdling that arid waste. Ascording to Dr. Mucray, the sun shope on the rocks and they expanded; you are all in league to make me pass a the sudden cooling at night broke them bad night. Here have I just dismissed up, the wind carried away the smaller particles, and so continually the rocks were being disintegrated, by means of changes other than water. It has long been well known that on the Sahara, owsometimes falls from 190 degrees in the daytime, to the freezing point at night. A similar thermal variation was observed by the Russian explorer, Prejevalsky, when leading his expedition across the

Dr. Murray's ressoning, therefore, very plausible. The apparent abundance of water to be gotten by sinking artesian wells in the Sahara leads him to form a favorable opinion of the French scheme to carry on their railway from Algeria) in the hope of tapping all the trade of the North Soudan across the Sahara. - New York Herald.

Mammoth Butterfiles.

One day, when off the savage island of Malaiti, of the Solomon group, Mr. Woo lford and others, under the protection of sentries, went to bathe in a pool. While in the water he saw a huge butterfly coming slowly along the beach, and, hurrying out as he was, he seized his net, dashed off, fell over the stones, rose again, and just in time to catch the fly. What a picture! "I leave it to many arbe impossible. Still, he is bound up in dent entomologists,"he says, "to imagine her, poor boy! and—and so you see that my feelings." He had rediscovered the long lost Ornithoptora Victoria," and why should he not feel like Alexander on the Granicus or Hannibal at Cannæi These "bird winged" butterflies are some nine inches across the wings. One is blue with a yellow body, another is velvety black and metallic green. They excel in size, but other kinds wear equally magnificent raiment and make glorious forest beautiful.-London Spectator.

> A newly discovered cave in Josephine County, Oregon, is said to be three, miles

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Farming a Gospel Type." (Preached Before the American Farmers' Encampment at Mount Gretna, Penn.)

TEXT: Elisha, the son of Shayhat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen be-fore him, and he with the twelfth.-I Kings,

xix., 19. Farmers of America! Accept my saluntation. Our text puts us down into the plow's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvest field exhausted, the perspiration streaming from his forehead and chin, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household he until seeing the alarm of the household he said; "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat!" The fact is that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the graveyard back of Somerville to

down in the graveyard back of Somerville to take the last sleep.

Office seekers go through the land and they stand an political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? Of the long what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter's grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel aimself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keen cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Inde-pendent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out into the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet their interest on mort-gaged farms—such men find a terrific struggige. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' Encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculturist. Yes, we were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, the fin, and went on Saturday to the finity tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side of the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle afield, our hare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you see the full blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ takes the responsibility of call-

ing God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman." ing God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten acre lot; for in my text you find him plowacre so; for in my text you had nim powing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and
he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land
was so plenty and the inhabitants so few
that Noah was right when he gave to every
inhabitant a certain portion of land; that
land, if cultured, ever after to be his own

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flux, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stelk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this babit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says: "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of

water are turned, whithersoever He will."
The wild beasts were caught, and then an hook was put into their nose, and then awhook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when Ho says to wicked Senacherib. "I will put hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether is be Nebuchadnezzar or Abab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his

nose.
This was the rule in regard to the culture This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of trouble in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property in vested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 whe of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughten. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made

overed with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy gamments like one who treadeth the wine vat!" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Soven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bitle, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul-all these sacred writers making use of that

analogy.

In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which neologiaus call conviction is only tue plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soil. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The on went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep ience to fence, and he plowed it very deep and then complained that he had not found and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had teen athered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars ouried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inacturacy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usofulness.

thing that God hates, that had field a harvest of usofulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very puickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jork back the plow with its rattling clevises, thought it made no difference. After a fixed property of the solution of the solutio while my father came along and said:
"Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed
deep enough; there you have missed this and
you have missed that." And he plowed it
over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers-plow deep! plow deep!

And it in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so

like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of ster long ago buried, so the plowshare or conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of ain long ago intombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium. But what means all this crooked plowing,

these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm was set a tradered. member that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the cross!

Again I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumn weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three weather you find the further going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand ato the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snow of worldliness may come upon it, it will yield after a while clorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us

distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and helnebore, oats and helnebore, oats and helnebore oats and helnebore in the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them: "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't befieve in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe?" "So their religion is a ment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and organized forces.
What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. Onone side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free Governments of the earth, and on the free Governments of the earth; and on the top there shall be a flowering millen-mium after a while. All from the Gospel seed Submatter a white. Antiroin the despersed of doctrine. Every word that as parent, or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yea, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred as the world, the thousend ten thousand the ten. the thousand ten thousand, the ten thousand one hundred thousand-en, on for-

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take roct. There are new kinds of harrow, but the harrow as Irremember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to bit went tearing and leaping across the field; daving the seed down into the earth until it spruag no in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, the seed down into the earth until it sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows—to sink the Gospet truth into your heart. There were truths that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth mas harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a tidd God mean in this country in 1857? For a tidd God mean in this country in 1857. did God mean in this country in 1837 For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deer of it produced no result. Then Sod harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down. Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street, until the whole the street and up State street, until the whole nd was tern to pieces as it never had been fore. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm Again Fremark, in grace as, in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were as matter of economics or instrance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, not now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. It you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Leageh no worse troubled than was David. for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than vas Paul. You amid the ratting of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horrer of shipwreek, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and mapit? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your enancipation. You say you have its ophard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold treable keeps revolving why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue specticles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth, as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again I remark; in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. It tell you bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw so death bears the

the wheat out of the straw so death bears the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail and the sickbed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? Thesis all. An aged man has fallen could be the straw. straw? Insaishi. An age with his grandening as the sunny porch playing with his grandenildren, Calmiy hereceived the message to leave this world. Habadea pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, when the proper more to lack on the face of and on swift rall trains the kindred cone, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the shumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid at that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He father was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in courch. Anything ghastly in that?

No. The threshing of the wheat out of the

The Saviour folds a lamb in His, bosom.
The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave the eternal traimph. What if the voice that made mu-ale in the home is still? It will sing the sternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one

nand and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," saida dying boy, the son of one of my elders; "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: Those last words were beautifully poetic: "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath

Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day;
Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many laws cope out from your own.

no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family—that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it Garnered! Their tears wiped ways: their better all ended their burns. all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended—their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to person in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked and the horses made a struggle and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home!"

At Work While Asleep.

There seems to be no limit to the wonders displayed by the buman subject while sleeping. Condorces, the mathematician, solved one of the most difficult problems while asleep-a problem, too, which puzzled him during his waking hours. A professor of theology in the University of Basle once wrote a sermon while asleep; he found it on his desk next morning. The preceding night he could not grapple with the subject as he desired, but the performance of his sleeping hours was quite satisfactory. Coleridge, the dreaming philosopher, com-posed "Nubs Khan" while fast asleep. Next morning he was sure that there had been an acquisition to his literature; but was too negligant to write the stanzas. A few days afterward he attempted to recall the verses; but they had in most part fled; the poem; as it now stands, is but

fragment. Jenny Lind was the most celebrated singer of her time. No one could rival her powers except a factory girl. The girl could not attempt any difficult pieces when awake, but when sleeping she sang so correctly, so like the renowned Jen-nie, that it was difficult to distinguish between their voices. On one occasion Jennie heard the girl, and even tested her marvelous powers by giving her a long and elaborate chromatic exercise: This the sleeping girl performed, much to the wonder of the famous prima donna. Reporters of public debate must often. exercise themselves to their utmost to keep from sleeping. A few years ago one of the reporters for the House of Commons took down a speech while her was sleeping. His statement rests on his

Calvin tells of a friend of his who read adoud while asleep. In cases of this kind the organ of vision alone is believed to be all that is active .- St. Louis Regullic.

Chickens Plucked by a Tornade.

One of the compants of the Good mettage near Lake Gervals, an elderly ady, was very fand of taking care of resis, and had resed nearly a hundred drickens and dueles. These were all affiled by the storm. The lady had also made a nice lot of soft soap, of which she was very proced. The soap had been left on a board let the side of the house, and, of course, was carried away by the wind. The occupants of the house, itwill be remembered, took refuge in the cellar when the storm was seen, coming. All were more ar less injured and their clothing torn item their bodies. It was: nearly half at hour before all were released, more cased than alive. The lady spoken of washalf unconscious, and the moment she was taken from the collarshe took one glance at the work of the tornado, thraw up her hands, and exclaimed: " h! where are my ducks and my chickens, and where is my nice soft soan?"

Her soft somp has probably dissolved in Lake Gervas, but the semains of her ducks and shickens were found here and there with an a radius of a mile on two from the house. The idea that a tornado codd pluck the feathers from a fewl as clean as could the most accomplished thef has be a laughed at but some oif the chickens, and ducks, belonging to the Good family were stripped of every pather. But hat was not the only remarkable thing shout them. Some of the chickens found nearly a mile from, the louse had their necks stretched to a remarkable length, the necks of some, it is said by those who saw thom, being at east a foot, lorge. Another incident of the stormuis that one of the ladies who took refuge in the cellar was almost covred with oats, the sharp reedles of which sepetrated her clorhing and stuck to the kin. The husband of the lady vouches for this occurrence, and says that it took nearly helf an hour to remove the cats. -St. Paul Pioneer-Press. DAN COUGHLIN, who is serving his

life sentence in Joliet Prison, Joliet. Ill., for his part in the Cronin murder, is almost a physical wreck. His cheeks are pale and sunken and he looks as if he would be sleeping under the flowers before long. He receives many visits from his wife and child, and no doubt their welfare worries him. His expectation of a new trial is what keeps him up, If this hope is blasted it is thought he will tell all he knows about the

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 7.

Lesson Text: "Jesus and Zacchens the Publican." Luke xix., 1-10 -Golden Text: Luke xix.. 10-Commentary.

1. "And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho." The last, verses of the previous chapter tell of His healing a blind man as He came nigh to Jericho; while Matt. XX., 29-34 tells of His healing two blind men as He departed from Jericho. The simplest way to take the records is just as we find them, and thus they tell us that as Jesus entered and passed through Jericho, or, rather, as He entered and departed from Jericho, He healed three blind men. There was nothing strange in this, for He was always healing the sick and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, where the inhabitant should no more say, "I am sick" (Isa. xxxiii., 24). The blind men, when healed, followed Him, glarifying God. They were not entangled by riches as was the rich ruler; they had not even an occupation to give up except that of begging. They were like Lazarus, poor in this world's goods. They were like the little children, empty, helpless, dependent. Being willing they easily entered in. They knew they were blind; they were anxious to see; they asked and received; then followed Jesus, and evidently became His disciples.

2. "And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich." We are not

2. "And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich." We are not told whether the other publican was rich or poor, but we are sure that he was poor in spirit. Instead of a rich ruler, esteemed by the people as in the last lesson, here is a rich publican, one of the class whom the Pharisee thanked God that he did not belong to; but presently we shall find this rich chief among the publicans, in the company of the healed bind men, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

lowly Jesus. 3. "And he sought to see Jesus, who He was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature." His motives are not given, but we infer from the rest of the story that he, too, would be a follower of Jesus if He would have him.
4. "And he ran before, and climbed up

4. "And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him; for He was to pass that way." He was in earnest to see Him, he came out from the crowd, and unconsciously hid himself. In listening to the preaching of the Gospel, or the teaching of the Sunday-school lesson, all are apt to lose themselves in the crowd, instead of taking the truth home to themselves. If we are to profit our own souls it must be by are to profit our own souls it must be by separating ourselves from others and by believing that He means me; as when Paulsaid, "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii., 20). And then self and all its fancied goodness must be hid as unfit to appear before God. There must be rone of the Pharisee's "God, I thank The that I am not as other men," but a true humiliation of self before God.

5. "And when Jesus came to the place, He looked up and saw him." He who knows our down sitting and uprising and understands our thoughts afar off (Ps. exxxix, 2); who saw Nathaniel under the fig tree (John are to profit our own souls it must be by

who saw Nathaniel under the fig tree (John who saw Nationalel under the ng tree John i., 48), saw also this man when he left the crowd and climbed up into this tree. The leaves of the speamore could not hide him any more than the trees of the garden could hide Adam and Eve.

"And said unto him, Zacchæus, make heete and counc down, for today I must

haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." How Zaccheus's heart must have leaped at these words; and then He called him by name, there was no mistaking it, He surely meant him. And He said He would abide at his house; and He would said to the words when the world Zacche and Leap and said He would abide at his house; and He said to-day. Oh, what joy! how could Zaochæus get down from that tree quick enough! Fancy some one saying, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Zacchæus; be calm and dignified, and come down as becometh a man of your position." I think he would have been willing to have come head first, or in any way, seemly or unseemly, that would bring him more quickly to the feet of Jesus. 6. "And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully." Thank God for that. However, he camedown; he came quickly and received Christ gladly. As the angel hurried Lot out of Sodam, saying:

quickly and received Christ gladly. As the angel hurried Lot out of Sodom, saying: "Escape for thy life; haste thee, escape thither" (Gen. xix., 17, 22), so we who are saved would urge the unsaved to make haste and come to Jesus, if we only heartily believed what we profess to believe.

7. "And when they saw it, they all murries are the content of t

mured, saying, that He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." Here is Satan a captive. In Zech. iii., 1, we see a mar e cthed with filthy garments standing before God, and Satan at his right hand to resist him, but a little further on in the chapter God, and Satan at his right hand to resist him, but a little further on in the chapter the filthy garments are gone, and Satan is gone, too; there is a glorious change of apparel and the angel of the Lord stands by. Whenever a sinner comes to Christ, the devil is sure to find fault and point to the filthy garments. He did so through Simon, the Pharisee, when the poor woman came to Jesus (Luke vii., 39), and again in chap. xv., 2, when the publicans and sinners came near to Jesus. He is always do ng it it is his business to resist everything truly good; to hinder sinners from coming to Christ, and to hinder sinners from serving Christ. 8. "And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord." He could not walk with Christ till this was settled. With sin on the conscience there can be no true fellowship with God. But here comes the evidence of the aiscerity of his conversion. His faith becomes manifest in his works. He shows that he has truly repented.

"Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give."

be has truly repented.

The hold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." These things were neither his salvation, nor the ground of it, but rather the evidences that he had passed from death to life. We must keep in mind and stand firm on this, that there is no salvation by works revealed in Scripture (Rom. iii; 20; ix, 5; Eph. ii., 9). We rest only and wholly in Christ for salvation, but being saved we must prove it in our lives. Here is a man who right off, as soon as he receives Christ, decides to give hall say his goods to the poor, and make full restitution according to the law (Ex xxii., 1; It Sam. xii., 6). Surely, this is a genuine case of receiving Christ, and of a determination to be wholly His...

R "And Jesus said unto him, Thisday is salvation come tathis house, forsomuch as the interest of the same."

salvation come tathis house, for somuch as he is also a son of Abraham." "Salvation is of the Lord." "Behold, God is ray, salvation." "Neither, is there salvation in any, other" (Jonah ii, 9; Isa. xii, 2; Acts iv, 129). God manifest in the flesh had come to that God manifest in the flesh had come to thate ran, and to that house, and haddleen received; and where Jesus is there is salvation 10. "For the Son of Man is come to seak and to save that which was lost." This name, "Son of Man," has special reference to the Christ as son of David, and yet, reaches, beyond to Christ as the true Issue, the true seed of Abraham, in whom all rations shall be blessed. He is now gathering out the heavenly seed that He may come again and restore the earthly seed. The Church and Israel. Notice that He is after lost people; not good at righteous or whele, but such as the penitent publican and as have the little child spirit. He does not wait for men to some taltim; He seeks them. He does not bely were to save themselves; He saves them help rach to save themselves. He saves them by His mighty power. Who will let hirst Who, will be a seeker of lest men with him?— Lesson Helper.

Execution of a Revolutionary Traitor. On June 28, 1776, in a field near the "Bowery lane," in the presence of 20,000 spectators, there was hanged by order of General Washington one Thomas Hickey, a private of his own body guard, convicted of treasonable correspondence with the enemy. It was an auxious time, as more fully appeared on the following day. In his orderly book Washington expressed a hope that the unhappy fate of Thomas Hickey, executed that day for mutiny, sedition and treachery, would be a warning to every soldier in the line to avoid the crimes for which he suffered .- [New York Sun.

THE real giant is the man who overomes himself.